

under Le Brun, till he was sent to Rome at the expence of the chancellor of France, who maintained him there fourteen years, two of which he passed with Nicolò Poussin, whose manner he imitated; not so well, I should suppose, as Graham asserts, since, having been supported so long by a French minister, he probably would have fixed in France if he had made any progress proportionable to that expence. On the contrary, he came to England to paint history; in which not meeting with much encouragement, he turned to portraits. Graham says he was the first who brought over the art of painting on glass. I suppose he means, painting on looking-glass. Kerseboom died in London in 1690, and was buried in St. Andrew's Holbourn.

— SEVONYANS, .

a name * of which I have heard, but can learn nothing, except that he painted a staircase in a house called Little Montagu-house, the corner of Bloomsbury-square, and the head of doctor Peter of St. Martin's-lane. Yet from his own portrait †, in the possession of Mr. Eckardt the painter, he appears to have been an able master.

SIR JOHN MEDINA

was son of Medina de l'Asturias, a Spanish captain who had settled at Brussels, where the son was born, and instructed in painting by Du Chatel. He married young, and came into England in 1686, where he drew portraits for several years. The earl of Leven encouraged him to go to Scotland, and procured him a subscription of 500*l.* worth of business. He went, carrying a large number of bodies and postures, to which he painted heads. He came to England for a short time, but returned to and died in Scotland, and was buried in the church-yard of the Grey-friars at Edinburgh in 1711, aged 52. He painted most of the Scotch nobility, but was not rich, having twenty children. The portraits of the professors in the Surgeon's-hall at Edinburgh were painted by him, and are commended. At Wentworth-castle is a large piece containing the first duke of Argyle and his sons, the two late dukes, John and Archibald, in Roman habits; the style Italian, and superior to most modern performers. In Surgeon's-hall are two small histories by him. The duke of Gordon pre-

* He is often called Schonians; by which appellation he is recorded in the printed catalogue of the collection in the gallery of Duffieldorp, where are three or four pieces painted by him, particularly his own head with a long beard. † It is now at Strawberry-hill.

fented sir John Medina's head to the great duke for his collection of portraits by the painters themselves : the duke of Gordon too was drawn by him, with his son the marquis of Huntley and his daughter lady Jane in one piece. Medina was capable both of history and landscape. He was knighted by the duke of Queensberry, lord high commissioner, and was the last knight made in Scotland before the Union. The prints in the octavo edition of Milton were designed by him ; and he composed another set for Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, but they were never engraved.

MARCELLUS LAROON

was born at the Hague in 1653, and learned to paint of his father, with whom he came young into England. Here he was placed with one La Zoon, a portrait-painter, and then with Fleshier, but owed his chief improvement to his own application. He lived several years in Yorkshire ; and, when he came to London again, painted draperies for sir Godfrey Kneller, in which branch he was eminent ; but his greatest excellence was in imitating other masters, and those considerable. My father had a picture by him that easily passed for Bassan's. He painted history, portraits, conversations, both in large and small. Several prints were made from his works, and several plates he etched and scraped himself. A book of fencing, the cries of London, and the procession at the coronation of William and Mary, were designed by him. He died of a consumption March 11, 1702. His son, captain Laroon, who had a genius both for painting and music, had his father's picture painted by himself *.

THOMAS PEMBROKE†

was disciple of Laroon, and imitated his manner both in history and portraits. He painted several pictures for Granville earl of Bath in conjunction with Woodfield ‡, and died at the age of 28.

FRANCIS LE PIPER,

a gentleman § artist, with whose lively conversation Graham was so struck,

* The son sold his collection of pictures (among which were many painted by his father) by auction Feb. 24, 1725. The son, called also Marcellus, died at Oxford June 2, 1772.
† Vide Graham.

‡ Scholar of Fuller. See the beginning of Chap. XII.

§ His father was a Kentish gentleman of Flemish extraction.

that

that he has written a life of him five times longer than most of those in his work. The substance of it is, that though born to an estate, he could not resist his impulse to drawing, which made him ramble over great part of Europe to study painting, which he scarcely ever practised, drawing only in black and white, and carried him to Grand Cairo, where, as he could see no pictures, I am surprised he did not take to painting. Most of his performances were produced over a bottle, and took root where they were born : the Mitre tavern at Stock's market and the Bell at Westminster were adorned by this jovial artist. At the former was a room called *the Amsterdam*, from the variety of sects Mr. Le Piper had painted in it, particularly a jesuit and a quaker. One branch of his genius, that does not seem quite so good-humoured as the rest of his character, was a talent for caricaturas. He drew landscapes, etched on silver plates for the tobacco-boxes of his friends, and understood perspective. Towards the end of his life his circumstances were reduced enough to make him glad of turning his abilities to some account.—Becket paid him for designing his mezzotintos. Several heads of grand signiors in sir Paul Rycaut's History were drawn by him, and engraved by Elder. At last Le Piper took to modelling in wax, and thought he could have made a figure in it, if he had begun sooner. On the death of his mother, his fortune being re-established, he launched again into a course of pleasure, contracted a fever, and being bled by an ignorant surgeon who pricked an artery, he died of it in 1698, in Aldermanbury, and was buried in the church of St. Mary Magdalen Bermondsey in Southwark. Vertue had a large picture by Fuller, containing the portraits of several painters and of one woman ; the person in the middle was Le Piper.

THOMAS SADLER

was * second son of John † Sadler, a master in chancery, much in favour with Oliver Cromwell, who † offered him the post of chief-justice of Munster in Ireland, with a salary of 1000*l.* a year, which he refused. Thomas Sadler was educated at Lincoln's-inn, being designed for the law ; but having imbibed instructions from sir Peter Lely, with whom he was intimate, he

* This article is re-adjusted from the information of his grandson Robert Seymour Sadler, esq. of the Inner Temple ; Vertue having confounded Thomas Sadler with his second cousin Ebenezer Sadler, who was the person that was steward to lord Salisbury.

† For a more particular account of him, see the Hist. and Critical Dict. vol. ix. pp. 19, 20, and Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales.

† The original letter is still in the possession of his great grandson.

painted at first in miniature for his amusement, and portraits towards the end of his life, having by unavoidable misfortunes been reduced to follow that profession. There remain in his family a small moon-light, part of a landscape on copper, and a miniature of the duke of Monmouth, by whom and by lord Russel he was trusted in affairs of great moment—a connection very natural, as Mr. Sadler's * mother was of the ancient and public-spirited family of Trenchard. A print of John Bunyan after Sadler has been lately published in mezzotinto. His son Mr. Thomas Sadler was deputy clerk of the Pells, and drew too. His fine collection of agates, shells, drawings, &c. were sold a few years ago on his death.

GODFREY SCHALKEN,

a great master, if tricks in an art, or the mob, could decide on merit; a very confined genius, when rendering a single effect of light was all his excellence †. What should one think of a poet, if he wrote nothing but copies of verses on a rainbow? He was born at Dort in 1643. His father, who was a school-master, wished to bring him up to the same profession; but finding the boy's disposition to painting, he placed him with Solomon Van Hoogstraten, and afterwards with † Gerard Dou, from whom he caught a great delicacy in finishing—but his chief practice was to paint candle-lights. He placed the object and a candle in a dark room, and, looking through a small hole, painted by day-light what he saw in the dark chamber. Sometimes he did portraits, and came with that view to England, but found the business too much engrossed by Kneller, Closterman and others. Yet he once drew king William; but as the piece was to be by candle-light, he gave his majesty the candle to hold, till the tallow ran down upon his fingers. As if to justify this ill-breeding, he drew his own picture in the same situation. Delicacy was no part of his character. Having drawn a lady who was marked with the small-pox but had handsome hands, she asked him, when the face was finished, if she must not sit for her hands.—“No,” replied Schalken, “I always draw them from my house-maid.” Robert earl of Sunderland employed him at Althorp; at Windsor is a well-known picture in the gallery. He came over twice, the

* See her descent from Sir Henry Seymour in the two last editions of Collins's Peerage.

† Elsum has this epigram on a boy blowing a firebrand by Schalken:

Striving to blow the brand into a flame,
He brightens his own face, and th' author's fame.

† There is a print of Gerard Dou, with this inscription: G. Dou. pictor Lugd. Batav. honoris ergo, præceptorem suum delineavit G. Schalken.



Josep. pinc.

P. H. St. John del'd

GOODFREY SCHALCKEN.



A. Bannerman Sculp.

LE PICER.

LE PICER.

last time with his wife and family, and staid long, and got much money. He returned to Holland, and was made painter to the king of Prussia with a pension, which he enjoyed two or three years, and died at Dort in 1706. Smith made mezzotintos from his Magdalen praying by a lamp, and from another picture of a woman sleeping.

ADRIAN VANDIEST

was born at the Hague, and learned of his father, a painter of sea-pieces. Adrian came to England at the age of seventeen, and followed both portrait and landscape painting; but was not much encouraged, except by Granville earl of Bath, for whom he worked at his seat, and drew several views and ruins in the west of England. One cannot think him a despicable painter, for seven of his landscapes were in sir Peter Lely's collection. His own portrait with a kind of ragged stuff about his head, and a landscape in his hand, was painted by himself. He began a set of prints after views from his own designs; but the gout put an end to an unhappy life in the 49th year of his age, and he was buried in St. Martin's 1704*. He left a son, who painted portraits, and died a few years ago.

GASPAR SMITZ†,

a Dutch painter, who came to England soon after the Restoration, and who, from painting great numbers of Magdalens, was called *Magdalen Smith*. For these penitents sat a woman that he kept and called his wife. A lady, whom he had taught to draw, carried him to Ireland, where he painted small portraits in oil, had great business and high prices. His flowers and fruit were so much admired, that one bunch of grapes sold there for 40*l.* In his Magdalens he generally introduced a thistle on the fore-ground. In Painter's-hall is a small Magdalen, with this signature $\$$ 1662. He had several scholars, particularly Maubert, and one Gawdy of Exeter. However, notwithstanding his success, he died poor in Ireland 1707.

THOMAS VAN WYCK

was born at Harlem 1616, and became an admired painter of sea-ports, shipping and small figures. He passed some years in Italy, and imitated Bamboccio.

* Graham.

† Ibid.

boccio. He came to England about the time of the Restoration. Lord Burlington had a long prospect of London and the Thames, taken from Southwark, before the fire, and exhibiting the great mansions of the nobility then on the Strand*. Vertue thought it the best view he had seen of London. Mr. West has a print of it, but with some alterations. This Wyck painted the fire of London more than once. In Mr. Halsted's sale was a Turkish procession large as life, and lord Ilchester has a Turkish camp by him. His best pieces were representations of chemists and their laboratories, which Vertue supposed ingeniously were in compliment to the fashion at court, Charles II. and prince Rupert having each their laboratory. Captain Laroon had the heads of Thomas Wyck and his wife by Francis Hals †. Wyck died in England in 1682. He ought to have been introduced under the reign of Charles II. but was postponed to place him here with his son,

JOHN VAN WYCK,

an excellent painter of battles and huntings: his small figures, and his horses ‡ particularly, have a spirit and neatness scarce inferior to Wouvermans; the colouring of his landscapes is warm and cheerful. Sometimes he painted large pieces, as of the battle of the Boyne, the siege of Namur §, &c. but the smaller his pictures, the greater his merit. At Houghton is a grey-hound's head by him of admirable nature; in king James's collection was a battle by him. He painted several views in Scotland, and of the isle of Jersey, and drew a book of hunting and hawking. John Wyck married in England, and died at Mortlack in 1702. Besides that eminent disciple Mr. Wootton, he had another scholar,

SIR MARTIN BECKMAN,

who drew several views, and pieces of shipping. He was engineer to Charles II. and planned Tilbury-fort and the works at Sheerness ||.

* It is still at Burlington-house, Piccadilly; as is a view of the Parade, with Charles II. his courtiers, and women in masks, walking. The statue of the gladiator is at the head of the canal.

† A gentleman informs me that he has nine etchings by Thomas Wyck.

‡ The fine horse under the duke of Schomberg by Kneller, was painted by Wyck.

§ Lord Ilchester has the siege of Narden by him, with king William, when prince of Orange, commanding at it; and lord Finlater the siege of Namur with the same king and his attendants, extremely like. In Scotland there are many pieces by Wyck.

|| See Description of London and the Environs, vol. vi. p. 143.



A. Bannerman Sculp.

THOMAS WYCK. —

JOHN WYCK. —

HENRY VAN STRAATEN,

a landscape-painter, resided in London about the year 1690 and afterwards. He got much money here, but squandered it as fast. One day sitting down to paint, he could do nothing to please himself. He made a new attempt, with no better success. Throwing down his pencils, he stretched himself out to sleep; when thrusting his hand inadvertently into his pocket, he found a shilling: swearing an oath, he said, It is always thus when I have any money. Get thee gone, continued he, throwing the shilling out of the window; and, returning to his work, produced one of his best pieces. This story he related to the gentleman who bought the picture. His drawings are in the style of Ruisdale and Berghem.

J. WOOLASTON,

born in London about 1672, was a portrait-painter, and happy in taking likenesses, but I suppose never excellent, as his price was but five guineas for a $\frac{3}{4}$ cloth. He married the daughter of one Green, an attorney, by whom he had several children, of which one son followed his father's profession. In 1704 the father resided in Warwick-lane, and afterwards near Covent-Garden. He died an aged man in the Charter-house. Besides painting, he performed on the violin and flute, and played at the concert held at the house of that extraordinary person, Thomas Britton, the smallcoal-man, whose picture he twice drew, one of which portraits was purchased by sir Hans Sloane, and is now in the British Museum. There is a mezzotinto from it. T. Britton, who made much noise in his time, considering his low station and trade, was a collector of all sorts of curiosities, particularly drawings, prints, books, manuscripts on uncommon subjects, as mystic divinity, the philosopher's stone, judicial astrology, and magic; and musical instruments, both in and out of vogue. Various were the opinions concerning him: some thought his musical assembly only a cover for seditious meetings; others for magical purposes. He was taken for an atheist, a presbyterian, a jesuit. But Woolaston the painter, and the father of a gentleman from whom I received this account, and who were both members of the music-club, assured him that Britton was a plain, simple, honest man, who only meant to amuse himself. The subscription was but ten shillings a year: Britton found the instruments, and they had coffee at a penny a dish. Sir Hans Sloane bought

many of his books and MSS. (now in the Museum) when they were sold by auction at Tom's coffee-house near Ludgate.

JOHN SCHNELL,

of whom, or of his works, says Vertue, I never heard, except from his epitaph in St. James's church-yard at Bristol. H. S. E. John Schnell, portrait-painter, born at Basil, April 28, 1672, died Nov. 24, 1714. One Linton was a painter of several citizens in this reign, from whose works there are prints. These trifling notices, as I have said, are only inserted to lead to farther discoveries, or to assist families in finding out the painters of their ancestors. The rest of this reign must be closed with a few names, not much more important.

SIR RALPH COLE

appears as the painter of a picture of Thomas Windham, esq. from which there is a mezzotinto. There is also a mezzotint print of Charles II. scraped by him*.

HEFELLE,

a German, came over as a soldier in king William's Dutch troops, obtained his discharge, and remained here several years, dying, it is said, in queen Anne's reign. He painted landscapes, flowers and insects neatly in water-colours, but with too little knowledge of chiaro scuro. He sold a few of his works to collectors; and the rest, being very poor, to printsellers. They are now very scarce. Mr. Willett, a merchant and virtuoso in Thames-street, has about thirty, and Mr. Chadd, jeweller in Bond-street, about a dozen.

THE BISHOP OF ELY.

Vertue says he had seen two drawings in black-lead by the bishop of Ely, the one of archbishop Dolben from Loggan, the other of archbishop Tenison from White; but he does not specify the name of the bishop. If these portraits were done at the time of Tenison being primate, it was probably Simon Patrick, bishop of Ely, who, says his epitaph, was illustrious, optimis artibus colendis promovendisque. But if it was the bishop living when Vertue's

* See Granger's Supplement, p. 319.

MS. is dated, which is 1725, it was Dr. Thomas Green. Graham mentions another prelate,

S I M O N D I G B Y,

bishop of Elfin in Ireland *, whose limnings he much commends †.

S U S A N P E N E L O P E R O S E,

daughter of Gibson the dwarf, and wife of a jeweller, painted in water-colours with great freedom. In Mr. Rose's sale 1723 was a half-length miniature of an ambassador from Morocco, eight inches by six, painted by her in 1682, with the ambassador's names on it; he sat to her and to sir Godfrey Kneller at the same time. I have the portrait of bishop Burnet in his robes as chancellor of the garter, by her. She died in 1700, at the age of 48, and was buried in Covent-garden.

M A R Y M O R E,

a lady who, I believe, painted for her amusement, was grandmother of Mr. Pitfield: in the family are her and her husband's portraits by herself. In the Bodleian library at Oxford is a picture that she gave to it, which by a strange mistake is called sir Thomas More, though it is evidently a copy of Cromwell earl of Essex. Nay, Robert Whitehall, a poetaster, wrote verses to her in 1674, on her sending this supposed picture of sir Thomas More ‡.

The other arts made no figure in this reign; I scarce find even names of professors.

J O H N B U S H N E L L,

an admired statuary in his own time, but only memorable to us by a capricious character. He was scholar of Burman, who having debauched his servant-maid, obliged Bushnell to marry her. The latter in disgust left England, staid two years in France, and from thence went to Italy. He lived some time at Rome and at Venice; in the last city he made a magnificent monument for a Procuratore di San Marco, representing the siege of Candia, and a naval en-

* Consecrated Jan. 12, 1691.

† There are some of his lordship's miniatures at Shirburn-castle, particularly a head of Kildare lord Digby, great grandfather of the present lord, The bishop's father was bishop of Dromore, and

a branch of the same family with lord Digby, but settled in Ireland. I am told that a taste for the art continues in the bishop of Elfin's descendants, one of whom has a genius for landscape.

‡ Vide Wood's *Athenæ*, vol. ii. fol. 786.

gagement between the Venetians and Turks. He came home through Germany by the way of Hamburgh. Some of his first works after his return were the statues of Charles I. and II. at the Royal-exchange, and sir Thomas Greatham there above stairs. His best were the kings at Temple-bar. He carved several marble monuments, particularly one for lord Ashburnham in Sussex ; one for Dr. Grew's wife in Christ-church, London ; one for lord Thomond in Northamptonshire ; Cowley's and sir Palmes Fairborn's in Westminster-abbey, and cut a head of Mr. Talman. He had agreed to complete the set of kings at the Royal-exchange ; but hearing that another person (I suppose Cibber) had made interest to carve some of them, Bushnell would not proceed, though he had begun six or seven. Some of his profession asserting that, though he was skilful in drapery, he could not execute a naked figure, he engaged in an Alexander the Great, which served to prove that his rivals were in the right, at least in what he could *not* do. His next whim was to demonstrate the possibility of the Trojan horse, which he had heard treated as a fable that could not have been put in execution. He undertook such a wooden receptacle, and had the dimensions made in timber, intending to cover it with stucco. The head was capable of containing twelve men sitting round a table ; the eyes served for windows. Before it was half completed, a storm of wind overset and demolished it ; and though two vintners, who had contracted with him to use his horse as a drinking-booth, offered to be at the expence of erecting it again, he was too much disappointed to re-commence. This project cost him 500*l.* Another, of vessels for bringing coals to London, miscarried too, with deeper cost. These schemes, with the loss of an estate that he had bought in Kent, by a law-suit, quite overset his disordered brain. He died in 1701, and was buried at Paddington, leaving two sons and a daughter. The sons, of whom one had 100*l.* a year, the other 60*l.* were as great humourists as the father : they lived in a large house fronting Hyde-park, in the lane leading from Piccadilly to Tyburn, which had been built by the father, but was unfinished, and had neither stair-case nor floors. Here they dwelt like hermits, recluse from all mankind, sordid and impracticable, and saying the world had not been worthy of their father. Virtue in one of his MSS. dated 1725, begins thus : " After long expectations I saw the inside of John Bushnell's house, his sons being abroad both." He describes it particularly, and what fragments he saw there, particularly a model in plaster of Charles II. on horseback, designed to have been cast in brass, but almost in ruins : the Alexander and the unfinished kings. Against the wall a large piece of his painting, a triumph, almost obliterated too. He was desired to take particular notice

notice of a bar of iron, thicker than a man's wrist, broken by an invention of Bushnell.

THOMAS STANTON,

a statuary, made a tomb in the church of Stratford upon Avon, which Vertue says is in a good taste.

D. L E M A R C H A N D

was a carver in ivory, born at Dieppe; was many years in England, and cut a great number of heads in bas-relief, and some whole figures in ivory. Mr. West has his head carved by himself, oval. Lord Oxford had the bust of Lord Somers by him. He also did one of sir Isaac Newton: another was a profile of Charles Marbury, set in a frame of looking-glaſs. Mr. Willett has another head of a gentleman, pretty large, with the initial letters, D. L. M. He died in 1726.

WILLIAM TALMAN,

born at West-Lavington in Wiltshire, where he had an estate, was comptroller of the works in the reign of king William; but of his life I find scarce any particulars, though he was an architect employed in considerable works. In 1671 he built Thoresby-house in Nottinghamshire, burned a few years ago, Dynham-house in Gloucestershire 1698, Swallowfield in Berkshire*, and Chatsworth: the elegance and lightness of the latter front do great honour to the artist; the other sides are not equally beautiful. The flight of steps by which you ascend from the hall to the apartments was thought noble enough by Kent to be borrowed for Holkam. His son John Talman resided much in Italy, and made a large collection of prints and drawings, particularly of churches and altars, many of which were done by himself. Mr. Sadler had many altars and insides of churches at Rome, washed by him in their proper colours, and very well executed. In the same manner he drew several of lord Oxford's curiosities. A few of his drawings are in the library of the Antiquarian Society.

SIR WILLIAM WILSON

was an architect, and rebuilt the steeple of Warwick-church after it had been burned.

* Vide the Diary of Henry earl of Clarendon, for whom it was built.

C H A P. LXVI.

Painters and other Artists in the Reign of Queen ANNE.

THE reign of Anne, so illustrated by heroes, poets, and authors, was not equally fortunate in artists. Except Kneller, scarce a painter of note. Westminster-abbey testifies there were no eminent statuaries. One man there was, who disgraced this period by his architecture as much as he enlivened it by his wit. Formed to please both Augustus and an Egyptian monarch, who thought nothing preserved fame like a solid mass of stone, he produced the Relapse and Blenheim ! Party, that sharpened the genius of the age, dishonoured it too—a halfpenny print of Sacheverel would have been preferred to a sketch of Raphael. Lord Sunderland and lord Oxford collected books ; the duke of Devonshire and lord Pembroke, pictures*, medals, statues : the performers of the time had little pretensions to be admitted into such cabinets. The period, indeed, was short ; I shall give an account of what I find in Vertue's notes.

— P E L E G R I N I

was brought from Venice in this reign by the duke of Manchester, for whom he painted a stair-case in Arlington-street, now destroyed. He performed several works of this kind for the duke of Portland and lord Burlington, a salon, stair-case and ceilings at Castle Howard, the stair-case at Kimbolton, and a hall at sir Andrew Fountain's at Narford in Norfolk. He made several designs for painting the dome of St. Paul's, and was paid for them, though they were not executed, and was chosen one of the directors of the academy. He painted besides many small pieces of history, before he left England †, whither

* Prince George of Denmark, the queen's husband, had a collection of medals, which her majesty took in her share of his personal estate, the whole of which amounted to 37,000*l.* The queen had half; the rest was divided among his nephews and nieces, who were so many, that they did not receive above 1500*l.* each. Vide *Secret Hist. of England.*

† When the famous system of Mr. Lawes was set on foot in France, the directors, as obstinatious as their apes the South-sea-company, purchased the Hotel de Nevers, and began to decorate it in the most pompous manner. Pelegriini was invited from England to paint the ceiling of the principal gallery, and wrote a description of his work—all that now remains of it ; for



MARCO RICCI.



SEBASTIAN RICCI.

whither he returned in 1718, but quitted it again in 1721, and entered into the service of the elector palatine. With him arrived

MARCO RICCI, OR RIZZI,

who painted ruins in oil, and better in water-colours, and land-storms. He and Pelegrini disagreeing, Marco went to Venice and persuaded his uncle to come over, Sebastian Ricci, who had been Pelegrini's master, and who was soon preferred to the disciple. Ricci's works are still admired, though there is little excellence in them; his colouring is chalky, and without force. He painted the chapel at Bulstrode for the duke of Portland, and in The last supper has introduced his own portrait in a modern habit. At Burlington-house the hall and some ceilings are by him, and a piece of ruins in the manner of Viviano. Ricci, and Cassini another painter here at that time*, passed off several of their own compositions as the works of greater masters. Sebastian painted the altar-piece in the chapel of Chelsea-college; but left England on finding it was determined that sir James Thornhill should paint the cupola of St. Paul's. Marco Ricci died at Venice in 1730.

— BAKER

painted insides of churches, and some of those at Rome. In Mr. Sykes's sale was a view of St. Paul's since it was rebuilt, but with a more splendid altar.

JAMES BOGDANI

was born of a genteel family in Hungary; his father, a deputy from the

for the system burst, and the king purchasing the visionary palace, it was converted into the Royal Library, and Pelegrini's labours demolished. France, the heathen gods, the river of Mississippi, religion, and all the virtues, and half the vices, as allegoric personages, with which the flatterers of the former reign had fatigued the eyes of the public, were here again re-assembled; and avarice and prodigality and imposture were perfumed out of the same censers with which ambition and vain-glory and superstition had been made drunk before. Pelegrini's account of that

work may be seen in *l'Histoire des Premiers Peintres du Roi*, vol. ii. p. 122.

* Sebastian Ricci excelled particularly in imitations of Paul Veronese, many of which he sold for originals; and once even deceived La Fosse. When the latter was convinced of the imposition, he gave this severe but just reprimand to Sebastian: "For the future," said he, "take my advice: paint nothing but Paul Veroneses, and no more Riccis." Vide *Life of Mignard* in *l'Histoire des Premiers Peintres du Roi*, p. 152.

states of that country to the emperor. The son was not brought up to the profession, but made considerable progress by the force of his natural abilities. Fruit, flowers, and especially birds, were his excellence. Queen Anne bespoke several of his pieces, still in the royal palaces. He was a man of a gentle and fair character, and lived between forty and fifty years in England, known at first only by the name of the Hungarian. He had raised an easy fortune; but being persuaded to make it over to his son, who was going to marry a reputed fortune, who proved no fortune at all, and other misfortunes succeeding, poverty and sickness terminated his life at his house in Great Queen-street. His pictures and goods were sold by auction at his house, the sign of the Golden Eagle, in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. His son is in the board of ordnance, and formerly painted in his father's manner.

WILLIAM CLARET

imitated sir Peter Lely, from whom he made many copies. There is a print from his picture of John Egerton, earl of Bridgewater, done as early as 1680. Claret died at his house in Lincoln's-inn-fields in 1706, and, being a widower, made his house-keeper his heiress.

THOMAS MURRAY

painted many portraits. At the Royal-society is a picture of Dr. Halley by him, and the earl of Halifax had one of Wycherley. There is a mezzotinto of Murray.

HUGH HOWARD,

better known by Prior's beautiful verses to him than by his own works, was son of Ralph Howard, doctor of physic, and was born in Dublin Feb. 7, 1675. His father being driven from Ireland by the troubles that followed the Revolution, brought the lad to England, who, discovering a disposition to the arts and belles lettres, was sent to travel in 1697, and, on his way to Italy, passed through Holland in the train of Thomas earl of Pembroke, one of the plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Ryswick. Mr. Howard proceeded as he had intended, and, having visited France and Italy, returned home in October 1700.

Some years he passed in Dublin; but the greatest and latter part of his life



A. Kannerman Sculp.

MURRAY. —

he spent entirely in England, practising painting, at least with applause: but having ingratiated himself by his fame and knowledge of hands with men of the first rank, particularly the duke of Devonshire and lord Pembroke, and by a parsimonious management of his good fortune, and of what he received with his wife, he was enabled to quit the practical part of his profession for the last twenty years of his life, the former peer having obtained for him the posts of keeper of the state-papers and pay-master of his majesty's palaces. In this pleasing situation he amused himself with forming a large collection of prints, books, and medals, which at his death * (March 17, 1737) he bequeathed to his only brother Robert Howard, bishop of Elphin, who transported them to Ireland.

Mr. Howard's picture was drawn by Dahl, very like, and published in mezzotinto about a year before his death. Howard himself etched, from a drawing of Carlo Maratti, a head of Padre Resta, the collector, with his spectacles on, turning over a book of drawings.

JAMES PARMENTIER,

a Frenchman, born in 1658, was nephew of Bourdon, by whom he was first instructed; but his uncle dying he came to England in 1676, and was employed at Montagu-house by La Fosse to lay his dead colours. King William sent Parmentier to his new palace at Loo: but he quarrelled with Marot, the surveyor of the buildings, and returned to London; where not finding much employment, he went into Yorkshire, and worked several years both in portrait and historic painting. The altar-piece in a church at Hull, and another in St. Peter's at Leeds, Moses receiving the law, much commended by Thoresby, are of his hand. His best work was a stair-case at Worksop. To Painter's-hall he gave the story of Diana and Endymion. On the death of Laguerre in 1721, he returned to London, in hopes of succeeding to the business of the latter. He died in indifferent circumstances Dec. 2, 1730, as he was on the point of going to Amsterdam, whither he had been invited by some relations. He was buried in St. Paul's Covent-garden.

JOHN VANDER VAART,

of Harlem, came to England in 1674, and learned of Wyck the father, but

* He died in Pall-mall, and was buried at Richmond.

did not confine himself to landscape. For some time he painted draperies for Wissing, and portraits * for himself, and still-life. He was particularly famous for representations of partridges and dead game. In old Devonshire-house in Piccadilly, he painted a violin against a door that deceived every body. When the house was burned, this piece was preserved, and is now at Chatsworth. In 1713 he sold his collection, and got more money by mending pictures than he did in the former part of his life by painting them. He built a house in Covent-garden, of which parish he was an inhabitant above fifty years. He was a man of an amiable character, and dying of a fever in 1721, at the age of seventy-four, was buried in the right-hand aisle of the church of Covent-garden. Prints were taken from several of his works ; some he executed in mezzotinto himself, and others from Wissing ; in which art he gave instructions to the celebrated John Smith. Vander Vaart, who was a bachelor, left a nephew, Arnold, who succeeded him in the business of repairing pictures.

R H O D O L P H U S S H M U T Z

was born at Basil in Swisserland, and in 1702 came into England, where he painted portraits : Vertue says, " They were well-coloured, his draperies pleasant, and his women graceful." He died in 1714, and was buried at Pancras.

— P R E U D H O M M E,

born at Berlin of French parents, and educated in the academy there, went for some time to Italy, returned to Berlin, and from thence came to England in 1712, where he was much employed in copying pictures, and making drawings in chalk from Italian masters for engravers. There was a design of engraving a set of prints from all the best pictures in this country, and Preudhomme went to Wilton with that view ; where, after an irregular life, he died in 1726 at the age of forty. He had contracted a French style in his pictures from his master monsieur Pesne.

C O L O N E L S E Y M O U R,

nearly related to the present duke of Somerset and the earl of Hertford, had

* He twice drew his own portrait, at the age of 30, and of 60 ; and one of Kerseboom. I have a portrait of him by himself in water-



A. Bannerman. sculp.

BOIT.

BAKER.

some fine pictures, and painted in water-colours and crayons. In the latter he copied from Cooper a head of sir John Robinson, lieutenant of the Tower. He also drew many historic heads and portraits with a pen. He lived in the house in Hyde-park at the end of Kensington-garden.

BOIT,

well known for his portraits in enamel, in which manner he has never perhaps been surpassed but by his predecessor Petitot, and his successor Zincke. Before I give an account of him, I must premise that I do not answer for the truth of some parts of his story, which to me seem a little incredible. I give them as I find them in two different MSS. of Vertue, who names his authors, Peterson, a scholar of Boit, and another person. Vertue was incapable of falsehood—perhaps he was too credulous.

Boit, whose father was a Frenchman, was born at Stockholm, and bred a jeweller, which profession he intended to follow here in England, but changed for painting; but was upon so low a foot, that he went into the country, and taught children to draw. There he had engaged one of his scholars, a gentleman's daughter, to marry him; but the affair being discovered, Boit was thrown into prison *. In that confinement, which lasted two years, he studied enamelling; an art to which he fixed on his return to London, and practised with the greatest success: Dahl chiefly recommended him. His prices are not to be believed. For a copy of colonel Seymour's picture by Kneller he had thirty guineas; for a lady's head not larger, double that sum, and for a few plates 500*l.* If this appears enormous, what will the reader think of the following anecdote? He was to paint a large plate of the queen, prince George, the principal officers and ladies of the court, and Victory introducing the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene; France and Bavaria prostrate on the ground; standards, arms, trophies. The size of the plate to be from 24 to 22 inches high, by 16 to 18 inches wide. Laguerre actually painted the design for it in oil. Prince George, who earnestly patronized the work, procured an advance of 1000*l.* to Boit, who took a spot of ground in Mayfair, and erected a furnace, and built convenient rooms adjoining to work in. He made several essays before he could even lay the enamelled ground, the heat necessary being so intense that it must calcine as much in a few hours, as

* An act of tyranny, as the affair was not complete, nor was there then a marriage-a&t.

furnaces

furnaces in glass-houses do in 24 hours. In these attempts he wasted seven or eight hundred pounds. In the mean time the prince, who had often visited the operation, died. This put a stop to the work for some time: Boit however began to lay colours on the plate; but demanded and obtained 700*l.* more. This made considerable noise, during which happened the revolution at court, extending itself even to Boit's work. Their graces of Marlborough were to be displaced even in the enamel, and her majesty ordered Boit to introduce Peace and Ormond, instead of Victory and Churchill. These alterations were made in the sketch, which had not been in the fire, and remained so in Peterson's hands when he related the story to Vertue. Prince Eugene refused to sit. The queen died. Boit ran in debt, his goods were seized by execution, and he fled to France; where he changed his religion, was countenanced by the regent, obtained a pension of 250*l.* per ann. and an apartment, and was much admired in a country where they had seen no enameller since Petitot. Boit died suddenly at Paris about Christmas 1726. Though he never executed the large piece in question, there is one at Kensington of a considerable size, representing queen Anne sitting, and prince George standing by her. At Bedford-house is another very large plate of the duke's father and mother. I have a good copy by him of the Venus, Cupid, Satyr, and Nymphs by Luca Jordano at Devonshire-house, and a fine head of admiral Churchill; and Miss Reade, the paintress, has a very fine head of Boit's own daughter, enamelled by him from a picture of Dahl. This daughter was married to Mr. Graham, apothecary, in Poland-street.

L E W I S C R O S S E,

a painter in water-colours, who is not to be confounded with Michael Croffe or De La Crux*, whom I have mentioned in the reign of Charles I. Lewis Croffe painted several portraits in miniature in queen Anne's time, many of which are in the collection of the duchess of Portland, the countess of Cardigan, &c. This Croffe repaired a little picture of the queen of Scots in the possession of duke Hamilton, and was ordered to make it as handsome as he could. It seems, a round face was his idea of perfect beauty; but it happened not to be Mary's sort of beauty. However, it was believed a genuine picture, and innumerable copies were made from it. It is the head in black velvet trimmed with ermine. Croffe had a valuable collection of miniatures, the

* It is Michael Croffe, of whom there is an account in Graham.

works of Peter Oliver, Hoskins and Cooper. Among them was a fine picture of lady Sunderland by the latter, his own wife, and a head almost profile in crayons of Hoskins ; a great curiosity, as I neither know of any other portrait of that master, nor where the picture itself is now. That collection was sold at his house the sign of the Blue Anchor in Henrietta-street Covent-garden, Dec. 5, 1722, and Crosse died in October 1724.

Statuary in this reign, and for some years afterwards, was in a manner monopolized by

F R A N C I S B I R D.

The many public works by his hand, which inspire nobody with a curiosity of knowing the artist, are not good testimonies in his favour. He was born in Piccadilly 1667, and sent at eleven years of age to Brussels, where he learned the rudiments of his art from one Cozins, who had been in England. From Flanders he went to Rome, and studied under Le Gros. At nineteen, scarce remembering his own language, he came home, and worked first for Gibbons, then for Cibber. He took * another short journey to Italy, and at his return set up for himself. The performance that raised his reputation, was the monument of Busby. The latter had never permitted his picture to be drawn. The moment he was dead, his friends had a cast in plaster taken from his face, and thence a drawing in crayons, from which White engraved his print, and Bird carved his image. His other principal works, which are all I find of his history, were,

The conversion of St. Paul, in the pediment of that cathedral. Any statuary was good enough for an ornament at that height, and a great statuary had been too good.

The bas-reliefs under the portico.

The statue of queen Anne, and the four figures round the pedestal, before the same church. The author of the *Abregé*, speaking of English artists, says, “ à l’égard de la sculpture, le marble gemit, pour ainsi dire, sous des ciseaux aussi peu habiles que ceux qui ont exécuté le groupe de la reine Anne, placé devant l’Eglise de St. Paul, & les tombeaux de l’Abbaye de Westminster.” This author had not seen the works of Rysbrach and

* These two journeys, it is said, he performed on foot.

Roubiliac ; and for the satire on the groupe of queen Anne, we may pardon the sculptor who occasioned it, as it gave rise to another satire, those admirable lines of Dr. Garth.

The statue of cardinal Wolsey at Christ-church.

The brazen figure of Henry VI. at Eton-college—a wretched performance indeed !

A magnificent monument in Fulham-church for the lord viscount Mordaunt. Bird received 250*l.* for his part of the sculpture.

The sumptuous monument of the last duke of Newcastle in Westminster-abbey, erected by the countess of Oxford, his daughter. The cumbent figure is not the worst of Bird's works.

At lord Oxford's auction was sold his copy of the faun.

Bird died in 1731, aged 64.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH

belongs only to this work in a light that is by no means advantageous to him. He wants all the merit of his writings to protect him from the censure due to his designs. What Pope said of his comedies, is much more applicable to his buildings—

How Van wants grace!—

Grace ! He wanted eyes, he wanted all ideas of proportion, convenience, propriety. He undertook vast designs, and composed heaps of littleness*.

* Two very good judges, and men of excellent taste, sir J. Reynolds and Mr. Gilpin, have declared their admiration of the stupendous piles of Blenheim and Castle-Howard—and no doubt, vastness is very imposing—at a distance: but if the design and details are defective, the merit of grandeur remains with the person who is at the expence of the fabric, not with the architect who executes his commands. St. Peter's, St. Paul's, each strikes as a magnificent whole: but they charm too when the parts are examined, nor

have any superfluous weight. Large edifices might be erected from unnecessary excrescencies of stone that load the palaces above mentioned: and however admirable Vanbrugh's structures may be in their present state of *perfection*, I will venture to guess that their ruins will have far greater effect, not only from their massive fragments, but from the additional piles which conjecture will supply, in order to give a meaning to the whole.



Kneeler post.

J. Chamberlains. 1749

S^r. JOHN VANBRUGH.

The style of no age, no country, appears in his works; he broke through all rule, and compensated for it by no imagination. He seems to have hollowed quarries rather than to have built houses; and should his edifices, as they seem formed to do, out-last all record, what architecture will posterity think was that of their ancestors? The laughers, his contemporaries, said, that having been confined in the Bastile, he had drawn his notions of building from that fortified dungeon. That a single man should have been capricious, should have wanted taste, is not extraordinary. That he should have been selected to raise a palace *, built at the public expence, for the hero of his country, surprises one. Whose thought it was to load every avenue to that palace with inscriptions, I do not know: altogether, they form an edition of the acts of parliament in stone. However partial the court was to Vanbrugh, every body was not so blind to his defects. Swift ridiculed both his own diminutive house at Whitehall, and the stupendous pile at Blenheim: of the first he says,

At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pye.

And of the other,

That if his grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A mouse-trap-man chief engineer.

Thus far the satirist was well founded: party-rage warped his understanding when he censured Vanbrugh's plays, and left him no more judgment to see their beauties than sir John had when he perceived not that they were the only beauties he was formed to compose. Nor is any thing sillier than Swift's pun on Vanbrugh's being Clarenceux-herald, which the dean supposes enabled him to *build houses*. Sir John himself had not a worse reason for being an architect. The faults of Blenheim did not escape the severe Dr. Evans, though he lays them on the master, rather than on the builder:

* The duchess quarrelled with sir John, and in the right, she employed sir Christopher Wren went to law with him: but though he proved to to build the house in St. James's-park, be in the right, or rather because he proved to be

The lofty arch his vast ambition shows,
The stream an emblem of his bounty flows.

These invectives perhaps put a stop to Vanbrugh's being employed on any more buildings for the crown, though he was surveyor of the works at Greenwich, comptroller general of the works, and surveyor of the gardens and waters. His other designs were,

St. John's church, Westminster, a wonderful piece of absurdity.

Castle-Howard in Yorkshire.

Eastberry in Dorsetshire.

King's-Weston near Bristol.

Easton-Neston in Northamptonshire.

One front of Grimsthorp.

Mr. Duncombe's in Yorkshire.

Two little castles at Greenwich.

The Opera-house in the Hay-market.

Durable as these edifices are, the *Relapse*, the *Provoked Wife*, the *Confederacy*, and *Æsop*, will probably out-last them; nor, so translated, is it an objection to the two last that they were translations. If Vanbrugh had borrowed from Vitruvius as happily as from Dancour, Inigo Jones* would not be the first architect of Britain.

Sir John Vanbrugh died at Whitehall, March 26, 1726. In his character of architect, Dr. Evans bestowed on him this epitaph:

* Inigo Jones imitated the taste of the antique, but did not copy it so servilely as Palladio. Lord Burlington, who had exquisite taste, was a little too fearful of deviating from his models. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Vignola, Bernini, and the best Italian architects, have dared to invent, when it was in the spirit of the standard. Perhaps there could not be a more beautiful work,

than a volume collected and engraved from the buildings and hints of buildings in the pictures of Raphael, Albano, Pietrò Cortona, and Nicolò Poussin. It is surprising that Raphael's works in this manner have not been assembled. Besides thoughts in his paintings, he executed several real buildings of the truest delicacy.

Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

— R O B E R T I,

an architect, who built the stair-case at Coudray, the lord Montacute's: Pelegrini painted it.

— B A G O T T I

is mentioned by Vertue, but not with much justice, for admirable execution of a ceiling in stucco, at Cashiobury, lord Effex's seat. It represents Flora, and other figures, and boys in alto-relievo supporting festoons..

JOHN CROKER

was bred a jeweller, which profession he changed for that of medallist. He worked for Harris; and, succeeding him, graved all the medals from the end of king William's reign, of whom he struck one large one, all those of queen Anne, and George the first, and those of George the second, though Croker died many years before him—but none of our victories in that reign were so recorded.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

To the Fourth Volume of the ANECDOTES of PAINTING,
Edit. 4th. 1786,

Which commences with Chapter XVII. of the present Edition.

HIS last volume has been long written, and even printed. The publication *, though a debt to the purchasers of the preceding volumes, was delayed from motives of tenderness. The author, who could not resolve, like most biographers, to dispense universal panegyric, especially on many incompetent artists, was still unwilling to utter even gentle censures, which might wound the affections, or offend the prejudices, of those related to the persons whom truth forbade him to commend beyond their merits. He hopes, that as his opinion is no standard, it will pass for mistaken judgment with such as shall be displeased with his criticisms. If his encomiums seem too lavish to others, the public will at least know that they are bestowed sincerely. He would not have hesitated to publish his remarks sooner, if he had not been averse to exaggeration.

The work is carried as far as the author intended to go, though he is sensible he could continue it with more satisfaction to himself, as the arts, at least those of painting and architecture, are emerging from the wretched state in which they lay at the accession of George the first. To architecture, taste and vigour were given by lord Burlington and Kent—They have successors worthy of the tone they gave; if, as refinement generally verges to extreme contrarieties, Kent's ponderosity does not degenerate into filligraine—But the modern Pantheon, uniting grandeur and lightness, simplicity and ornament, seems to have marked the medium, where taste must stop. The architect who shall endeavour to refine on Mr. Wyat, will perhaps give date to the age of embroidery. Virgil, Longinus, and Vitruvius afford no rules, no examples, of scattering finery.

This delicate redundancy of ornament growing into our architecture might

* It was not published till October 6, 1780, though printed in 1771.

perhaps

perhaps be checked, if our artists would study the sublime dreams of Piranesi, who seems to have conceived visions of Rome beyond what it boasted even in the meridian of its splendour. Savage as Salvator Rosa, fierce as Michael Angelo, and exuberant as Rubens, he has imagined scenes that would startle geometry, and exhaust the Indies to realize. He piles palaces on bridges, and temples on palaces, and scales heaven with mountains of edifices. Yet what taste in his boldness! what grandeur in his wildness! what labour and thought both in his rashness and details! Architecture, indeed, has in a manner two sexes: its masculine dignity can only exert its muscles in public works and at public expence; its softer beauties come better within the compass of private residence and enjoyment.

How painting has rekindled from its embers, the works of many living artists demonstrate. The prints after the works of sir Joshua Reynolds have spread his fame to Italy, where they have not at present a single painter that can pretend to rival an imagination so fertile, that the attitudes of his portraits are as various as those of history*. In what age were paternal despair and the horrors of death pronounced with more expressive accents than in his picture of count Ugolino? When was infantine loveliness, or embryo-passions, touched with sweeter truth than in his portraits of miss Price, and the baby Jupiter? What frankness of nature in Mr. Gainsborough's landscapes; which may entitle them to rank in the noblest collections! What genuine humour in Zoffanii's comic scenes; which do not, like the works of Dutch and Flemish painters, invite laughter to divert itself with the nastiest indelicacy of boors!

Such topics would please a pen that delights to do justice to its country—

* Sir J. Reynolds has been accused of plagiarism, for having borrowed attitudes from ancient masters. Not only candour but criticism must deny the *force* of the charge. When a single posture is imitated from an historic picture, and applied to a portrait in a different dress, and with new attributes, this is not plagiarism, but quotation: and a quotation from a great author, with a novel application of the sense, has always been allowed to be an instance of parts and taste; and may have more merit than the original. When the sons of Jacob imposed on their father by a false coat of Joseph, saying, "Know now whether this be thy son's coat or not,"

they only asked a deceitful question—but that interrogation became wit, when Richard I. on the pope reclaiming a bishop whom the king had taken prisoner in battle, sent him the prelate's coat of mail, and in the words of scripture asked his holiness, whether THAT was the coat of his son or not? Is not there humour and satire in sir Joshua's reducing Holbein's swaggering and colossal haughtiness of Henry VIII. to the boyish jollity of master Crewe? One prophecy I will venture to make: sir Joshua is not a plagiary, but will beget a thousand: the exuberance of his invention will be the grammar of future painters of portrait.

but the author has forbidden himself to treat of living professors. Posterity appreciates impartially the works of the dead. To posterity he leaves the continuation of these volumes ; and recommends to the lovers of arts the industry of Mr. Vertue, who preserved notices of all his contemporaries, as he had collected of past ages, and thence gave birth to this work. In that supplement will not be forgotten the wonderful progress in miniature of lady Lucan *, who has arrived at copying the most exquisite works of Isaac and Peter Oliver, Hoskins and Cooper, with a genius that almost depreciates those masters, when we consider that they spent their lives in attaining perfection ; and who, soaring above their modest timidity, has transferred the vigour of Raphael to her copies in water-colours. There will be recorded the living etchings of Mr. H. Bunbury, the second Hogarth, and first imitator who ever fully equalled his original ; and who, like Hogarth, has more humour when he invents than when he illustrates †—probably because genius can draw from the sources of nature with more spirit than from the ideas of another. Has any painter ever executed a scene, a character of Shakespeare, that approached to the prototype so near as Shakespeare himself attained to nature ? Yet is there a pencil in a living hand as capable of pronouncing the passions as our unequalled poet ; a pencil not only inspired by his insight into nature, but by the graces and taste of Grecian artists. But it is not fair to excite the curiosity of the public, when both the rank and bashful merit of the possessor, and a too rare exertion of superior talents, confine the proofs to a narrow circle. Whoever has seen the drawings and bas-reliefs designed and executed by lady Diana Beauclerc ‡ is sensible that these imperfect encomiums are far short of the excellence of her works. Her portrait of the duchess of Devonshire, in several hands, confirms the truth of part of these assertions. The nymph-like simplicity of the figure is equal to what a Grecian statuary would have formed for a dryad or goddess of a river. Bartolozzi's print of her two daughters after the drawing of the same lady, is another specimen of her singular genius and taste. The gay and sportive innocence of the younger daughter, and the demure application of the elder, are as characteristically contrasted as Milton's Allegro and Pensero. A third female genius is Mrs. Damer §, daughter of general Conway, in a walk

* Margaret Smith, wife of sir Charles Birmingham baron Lucan in Ireland.

† For instance, in his prints to Tristram Shandy.

‡ Eldest daughter of Charles Spencer second

duke of Marlborough, married first to Frederic St. John viscount Bolingbroke, and afterwards to Topham Beauclerc, only son of lord Sidney Beauclerc.

§ Only child of general Henry Seymour, commander

walk more difficult and far more uncommon than painting. The annals of statuary record few artists of the fair sex, and not one that I recollect of any celebrity. Mrs. Damer's busts from the life are not inferior to the antique, and theirs we are sure were not more like. Her shoo dog, large as life, and only not alive, has a looseness and softness in the curls that seemed impossible to terra-cotta: it rivals the marble one of Bernini in the royal collection. As the ancients have left us but five animals of equal merit with their human figures, namely, the Barberini goat, the Tuscan boar, the Mattei eagle, the eagle at Strawberry-hill, and Mr. Jennings's, now Mr. Duncombe's, dog, the talent of Mrs. Damer must appear in the most distinguished light. Aided by some instructions from that masterly statuary Mr. Bacon, she has attempted and executed a bust in marble. Ceracchi, from whom first she received four or five lessons, has given a whole figure of her as the muse of sculpture, in which he has happily preserved the graceful lightness of her form and air.

Little is said here but historically of the art of gardening. Mr. Mason, in his first beautiful canto on that subject, has shown that Spenser and Addison ought not to have been omitted in the list of our authors who were not blind to the graces of natural taste. The public must wish with the author of this work, that Mr. Mason would complete his poem, and leave this essay as unnecessary as it is imperfect.

The historic compositions offered for St. Paul's by some of our first artists, seemed to disclose a vision of future improvement—a period the more to be wished, as the wound given to painting through the sides of the Romish religion menaces the arts as well as idolatry—unless the methodists, whose rigour seems to soften and adopt the artifices of the catholics (for our itinerant mountebanks already are fond of being sainted in mezzotinto, as well as their St. Bridgets and Teresas), should borrow the paraphernalia of enthusiasm now waning in Italy, and superadd the witchery of painting to that of music. Whitfield's temples encircled with glory may convert rustics, who have never heard of his or Ignatius Loyola's peregrinations. If enthusiasm is to revive, and tabernacles to rise as convents are demolished, may we not hope at least to see them painted? Le Sueur's cloister at Paris makes some little amends for the

mander in chief in 1782 and 1783, by lady Caroline Campbell, countess dowager of Ailesbury, Mrs. Damer was widow of John Damer, eldest son of Joseph lord Milton.

imprisonment of the Carthusians. The absurdity of the legend of the reviving canon is lost in the amazing art of the painter ; and the last scene of St. Bruno expiring, in which are expressed all the stages of devotion from the youngest mind impressed with fear to the composed resignation of the prior, is perhaps inferior to no single picture of the greatest master. If Raphael died young, so did Le Sueur : the former had seen the antique, the latter only prints from Raphael : yet in the Chartreuse, what airs of heads ! what harmony of colouring ! what aërial perspective ! How Grecian the simplicity of architecture and drapery ! How diversified a single quadrangle, though the life of a hermit be the only subject, and devotion the only pathetic ! In short, till we have other pictures than portraits, and painting has ampler fields to range in than private apartments, it is in vain to expect the art should recover its genuine lustre. Statuary has still less encouragement. Sepulchral decorations are almost disused ; and though the rage for portraits is at its highest tide both in pictures and prints, busts and statues are never demanded. We seem to wish no longer duration to the monuments of our expence, than the inhabitants of Peru and Russia, where edifices are calculated to last but to the next earthquake or conflagration.

October 1, 1780.

CHAP.

C H A P. XVII.

Painters in the Reign of King GEORGE I.

WE are now arrived at the period in which the arts were sunk to the lowest ebb in Britain. From the stiffness introduced by Holbein and the Flemish masters, who not only laboured under the timidity of the new art, but who saw nothing but the starch and unpliant habits of the times, we were fallen into a loose, and, if I may use the word, a *diffolute* kind of painting, which was not less barbarous than the opposite extreme, and yet had not the merit of representing even the dresses of the age. Sir Godfrey Kneller still lived, but only in name, which he prostituted by suffering the most wretched daubings of hired substitutes to pass for his works, while at most he gave himself the trouble of taking the likeness of the person who sat to him. His bold and free manner was the sole admiration of his successors, who thought they had caught his style, when they neglected drawing, probability, and finishing. Kneller had exaggerated the curls of full-bottomed wigs, and the tiaras of ribbands, lace, and hair, till he had struck out a graceful kind of unnatural grandeur ; but the succeeding modes were still less favourable to picturesque imagination. The habits of the time were shrunk to awkward coats and waistcoats for the men ; and for the women, to tight-laced gowns, round hoops, and half a dozen squeezed plaits of linen, to which dangled behind two unmeaning pendants, called lappets, not half covering their strait-drawn hair. Dahl, Dagar, Richardson, Jervas, and others, rebuffed by such barbarous forms, and not possessing genius enough to deviate from what they saw into graceful variations, clothed all their personages with a loose drapery and airy mantles, which not only were not, but could not be the dress of any age or nation, so little were they adapted to cover the limbs, to exhibit any form, or to adhere to the person, which they scarce enveloped, and from which they must fall on the least motion. As those casual lappings and flying streamers were imitated from nothing, they seldom have any folds or chiaro scuro ; anatomy and colouring being equally forgotten. Linen, from what œconomy I know not, is seldom allowed in those portraits, even to the ladies, who lean carelessly on a bank, and play with a parrot they do not look at, under a tranquillity

which ill accords with their seeming situation, the lightness of their vestment and the lankness of their hair having the appearance of their being just risen from the bath, and of having found none of their clothes to put on, but a loose gown. Architecture was perverted to mere house-building where it retained not a little of Vanbrugh; and, if employed on churches, produced at best but corrupt and tawdry imitations of sir Christopher Wren. Statuary still less deserved the name of an art.

The new monarch was void of taste, and not likely at an advanced age to encourage the embellishment of a country, to which he had little partiality, and with the face of which he had few opportunities of getting acquainted; though, had he been better known, he must have grown the delight of it, possessing all that plain good-humoured simplicity and social integrity, which peculiarly distinguishes *the honest English private gentleman*. Like those patriots, it was more natural to George the first to be content with, or even partial to, whatever he found established, than to seek for improvement and foreign ornament. But the arts, when neglected, always degenerate. Encouragement must keep them up, or a genius revivify them. Neither happened under the first of the house of Brunswick. I shall be as brief as I can in my account of so ungrateful a period; for, though the elder Dahl and Richardson, and a very few more, had merit in some particulars, I cannot help again advertising my readers, that no reign, since the arts have been in any esteem, produced fewer works that will deserve the attention of posterity. As the reign too was of no long duration, most of the artists had lived under the predecessors of George the first, or flourished under his son, where several will be ranked with more propriety. Of the former class was

LOUIS LAGUERRE,

the assistant and imitator of Verrio, with whose name his will be preserved when their united labours shall be no more, both being immortalized by that unpropitious line of Pope,

Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.

The same redundancy of history and fable is displayed in the works of both; and it is but justice to say that their performances were at least in as good a taste as the edifices they were appointed to adorn.



Louis Laguerre

Stomach and Liver



Laguerre



Liver



Laguerre's father was a Catalan, who settled in France, and became master of the menagerie at Versailles. The son being born at Paris in 1663, Louis the fourteenth did him the honour of being his godfather, and gave him his own name. At first he was placed in the Jesuits' college; but having a hesitation in his speech, and discovering much inclination to drawing, the good fathers advised his parents to breed him to a profession that might be of use to himself, since he was not likely to prove serviceable to them. He however brought away learning enough to assist him afterwards in his allegoric and historic works. He then studied in the royal academy of painting, and for a short time under Le Brun. In 1683 he came to England with one Ricard, a painter of architecture, and both were employed by Verrio. Laguerre painted for him most part of the large picture in St. Bartholomew's hospital; and succeeding so well when little above twenty, he rose into much business, executing great numbers of ceilings, halls, and stair-caes, particularly at lord Exeter's at Burleigh, the stair-cae at old Devonshire-house in Piccadilly, the stair-cae and salon at Buckingham-house, the stair-cae at Petworth, many of the apartments at Burleigh-on-the-hill, where the walls are covered with his Cæsars, some things at Marlborough-house in St. James's Park, and, which is his best work, the salon at Blenheim. King William gave him lodgings at Hampton-court, where he painted the labours of Hercules in chiaro scuro; and being appointed to repair those valuable pictures, the triumphs of Julius Cæsar, by Andrea Montegna, he had the judgment to imitate the style of the original, instead of new clothing them in vermillion and ultramarine; a fate that befel Raphael even from the pencil of Carlo Maratti.

Laguerre was at first chosen unanimously, by the commissioners for rebuilding St. Paul's, to decorate the inside of the cupola, but was set aside by the prevailing interest of Thornhill; a preference not ravished from him by superior merit. Sir Godfrey Kneller was more just to him*, though from pique to Thornhill, and employed him to paint the stair-cae of his house at Witton, where Laguerre distinguished himself beyond his common performances. On the union of England and Scotland he was ordered by queen Anne to make designs for a set of tapestry on that occasion, in which were to be introduced the portraits of her majesty and the principal ministers; but though he gave the drawings, the work went no farther. A few pictures he painted besides, and made designs for engravers. In 1711 he was a director of an

* Vide Life of Kneller in Chap. XV.

academy of painting erected in London, and was likely to be chosen governor on the resignation of Kneller, but was again baffled by his competitor Thornhill. In truth he was, says Vertue, a modest unintriguing man, and, as his father-in-law * John Tijou said, God had made him a painter, and there left him. The ever-grateful and humble Vertue commends him highly, and acknowledges instructions received from him; the source, I doubt, of some of his encomiums. At a tavern in Drury-lane, where was held a club of virtuosi, he painted in chiaro scuro round the room a Bacchanalian procession, and made them a present of his labour. Vertue thinks that sir James Thornhill was indebted to him for his knowledge of historic painting on ceilings, &c. and says he was imitated by others †, as one Riario ‡, Johnson, Brown, and several whose names are perished as well as that gaudy style.

Laguerre towards his latter end grew dropsical and inactive; and going to see the Island Princess at Drury-lane, which was acted for the benefit of his son, then newly entered to sing on the stage, he was seized with a stroke of apoplexy, and died before the play began, April 20, 1721. He was buried in the church-yard of St. Martin's in the Fields.

John Laguerre the son had talents for painting, but wanted application, preferring the stage to more laborious studies. After quitting that profession, I think he painted scenes, and published a set of prints of Hob in the well, which had a great sale; but he died at last in indigent circumstances in March, 1748.

MICHAEL DAHL

was born at Stockholm, and received some instructions from Ernstraen Klocke, an esteemed artist in that country and painter to the crown, who in the early part of his life had been in England. At the age of 22 Dahl was brought over by Mr. Pouters, a merchant, who five years afterwards introduced Boit from the same country. After a year's residence here, Dahl continued his travels in search of improvement, staid about a year at Paris, and bestowed about three more on the principal cities in Italy. At Rome he painted the

* A founder of iron balustrades.

He died poor in 1737, leaving a son of his pro-

† Lanseroon was another assistant of Verrio and Laguerre, on his first arrival from Flanders. ‡ Riario painted a stair-case at lord Carpenter's

portrait

P. J. C.



Sig. ex. p. n. 1.

T. H. C. 1790.

MICHAEL DAHL.

portrait of P. F. Garroli, a sculptor and architect, under whom Gibbs studied for some time. But it was more flattering to Dahl to be employed by one that had been his sovereign, the famous queen Christina. As he worked on her picture, she asked what he intended she should hold in her hand? He replied, A fan. Her majesty, whose ejaculations were rarely delicate, vented a very gross one, and added, "A fan! Give me a lion; that is fitter for a queen of Sweden." I repeat this, without any intention of approving it. It was a ~~pedantic~~ affectation of spirit in a woman who had quitted a crown to ramble over Europe in a motley kind of masculine masquerade, assuming a right of assassinating her gallants, as if tyranny as well as the priesthood were an indelible character, and throwing herself for protection into the bosom of a church she laughed at, for the comfortable enjoyment of talking indecently with learned men, and of living so with any other men. Contemptible in her ambition by abandoning the happiest opportunity of performing great and good actions, to hunt for venal praises from those parasites the literati, she attained, or deserved to attain, that sole renown which necessarily accompanies great crimes or great follies in persons of superior rank. Her letters discover no genius or parts, and do not even wear that now trite mantle of the learned, the affectation of philosophy. Her womanish passions and anger display themselves without reserve; and she is ever mistaking herself for a queen, after having done every thing she could to relinquish and disgrace the character.

Dahl returned to England in 1688, where he found sir Godfrey Kneller rising to the head of the profession, and where he had yet merit enough to distinguish himself as no mean competitor. His colouring was good; and attempting nothing beyond portraits, he has certainly left many valuable pictures, especially as he did not neglect every thing but the head, like Kneller, and drew the rest of the figure much better than Richardson. Some of Dahl's works are worthy of Riley. The large equestrian picture of his sovereign Charles the eleventh at Windsor has much merit, and in the gallery of admirals at Hampton-court he suffers but little from the superiority of sir Godfrey. In my mother's picture at Houghton there is great grace, though it was not his most common excellence. At Petworth are several whole lengths of ladies by him extremely well coloured. The more universal talents of Kneller, and his assuming presumption, carried away the crowd from the modest and silent Dahl; yet they seem to have been amicable rivals, sir Godfrey having drawn his

his portrait. He did another of himself; but Vertue owns that sir Godfrey deserved the preference for likeness, grace and colouring. Queen Anne sat to him, and prince George was much his patron.

Virtuous and esteemed, easy in his circumstances and fortunate in his health, Dahl reached the long term of eighty-seven years, and dying October 20, 1743, was buried in St. James's church. He left two daughters, and about three years before lost his only son, who was a very inferior painter, called the younger Dahl, but of whose life I find no particulars among Vertue's collections.

PETER ANGELIS

worked in a very different style from the two preceding painters, executing nothing but conversations and landscapes with small figures, which he was fond of enriching with representations of fruit and fish. His manner was a mixture of Teniers and Watteau, with more grace than the former, more nature than the latter. His pencil was easy, bright, and flowing, but his colouring too faint and nerveless. He afterwards adopted the habits of Rubens and Vandyck, more picturesque indeed, but not so proper to improve his productions in what their chief beauty consisted, familiar life. He was born at Dunkirk in 1685, and visiting Flanders and Germany in the course of his studies, made the longest stay at Dusseldorf, enchanted with the treasures of painting in that city. He came to England about the year 1712, and soon became a favourite painter; but in the year 1728 he set out for Italy*, where he spent three years. At Rome his pictures pleased extremely: but being of a reserved temper, and not ostentatious of his merit, he disgusted several by the reluctance with which he exhibited his works; his studious and sober temper inclining him more to the pursuit of his art than to the advantage of his fortune. Yet his attention to the latter prevented his return to England as he intended; for, stopping at Rennes in Bretagne, a rich and parliamentary town, he was so immediately overwhelmed with employment there, that he settled in that city, and died there in a short time, in the year 1734, when he was not above forty-nine years of age. Hyffing painted his picture while he was in England.

* After making an auction of his pictures, amongst which were copies of the four masters, then at Houghton, by Rubens and Snyder.

ANTONY RUSSEL

is recorded by Vertue, as one of Riley's school (consequently a painter of portraits), as were Murray and Richardson, though he owns with less success and less merit: nor does he mention any other facts relating to him, except that he died in July 1743, aged above fourscore. I should not be solicitous to preserve such dates, but that they sometimes ascertain the hands by which pictures have been painted—and yet I have lived long enough since the first part of this work was printed, to see many pieces ascribed to Holbein and Vandyck in auctions, though bearing dates notoriously posterior to the deaths of those masters; such notices as these often helping more men to cheat than to distinguish.

LUKE CRADOCK,

who died early in this reign, was a painter of birds and animals, in which walk he attained much merit by the bent and force of his own genius, having been so little initiated even in the grammar of his profession, that he was sent from Somerton, near Ilchester in Somersetshire, where he was born, to be apprentice to a house-painter in London, with whom he served his time. Yet there, without instructions, and with few opportunities of studying nature in the very part of the creation which his talents led him to represent, he became, if not a great master, a faithful imitator of the inferior class of beings. His birds in particular are strongly and richly coloured, and were much sought as ornaments over doors and chimney-pieces. I have seen some pieces of his hand painted with a freedom and fire that entitled them to more distinction. He worked in general by the day, and for dealers who retailed his works; possessing that conscious dignity of talents that scorned dependence, and made him hate to be employed by men whose birth and fortune confined his fancy, and restrained his freedom. Vertue records a proof of his merit, which I fear will enter into the panegyrics of few modern painters—he says he saw several of Cradock's pictures rise quickly after his death to three and four times the price that he had received for them living. He died in 1717, and was buried at St. Mary's Whitechapel.

PETER CASTEELS

was, like Cradock, though inferior in merit, a painter of fowls, but more copiously.

monly of flowers; yet neither with the boldness and relief of a master, nor with the finished accuracy that in so many Flemish painters almost atones for want of genius. He was born at Antwerp in 1684, and in 1708 came over with his brother * Peter Tillemans. In 1716 he made a short journey to his native city, but returned soon. In 1726 he published twelve plates of birds and fowl, which he had designed and etched himself, and did a few other things in the same way. In 1735 he retired to Tooting, to design for calico-printers; and lastly, the manufacture being removed thither, to Richmond, where he died of a lingering illness May 16, 1749.

— D A G A R,

the son of a French painter, and himself born in France, came young into England, and rose to great business, though upon a very slender stock of merit. He was violently afflicted with the gout and stone, and died in May 1723, at the age of fifty-four. He left a son whom he bred to his own profession.

CHARLES JERVAS.

No painter of so much eminence as Jervas is taken so little notice of by Vertue in his memorandums, who neither specifies the family, birth, or death of this artist. The latter happened at his † house in Cleveland-court, in 1739. One would think Vertue foresaw how little curiosity posterity would feel to know more of a man who has bequeathed to them such wretched daubings. Yet, between the badness of the age's taste, the dearth of good masters, and a fashionable reputation, Jervas sat at the top of his profession; and his own vanity thought no encomium disproportionate to his merit. Yet was he defective in drawing, colouring, composition, and even in that most necessary and perhaps most easy talent of a portrait-painter, likeness. In general, his pictures are a light flimsy kind of fan-painting as large as the life. Yet I have seen a few of his works highly coloured; and it is certain that his copies of Carlo Maratti, whom most he studied and imitated, were extremely just, and scarce inferior to the originals. It is a well-known story of him, that, having succeeded happily in copying [he thought in surpassing] a picture of Titian, he looked first at the one, then at the other, and then with parental complacency cried, " Poor little Tit! how he would stare!"

* So Vertue. I suppose he means brother-in-law. † He had another house at Hampton.

But

But what will recommend the name of Jervas to inquisitive posterity was his intimacy with Pope*, whom he instructed to draw and paint, whom therefore these anecdotes are proud to boast of and enroll † among our artists, and who has enshrined † the feeble talents of the painter in the lucid amber of his glowing lines. The repeated name of lady Bridgwater § in that epistle was not the sole effect of chance, of the lady's charms, or of the conveniency of her name to the measure of the verse. Jervas had ventured to look on that fair one with more than a painter's eyes: so entirely did the lovely form possess his imagination, that many a homely dame was delighted to find her picture resemble lady Bridgwater. Yet neither his presumption nor his passion could extinguish his self-love. One day, as she was sitting to him, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture—"but," said he, "I cannot help telling your ladyship that you have not a handsome ear." "No!" said lady Bridgwater; "pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?" He turned aside his cap, and showed her his own.

What little more I have to say of him, is chiefly scattered amongst the notes of *Vertue*. He was born in Ireland, and for a year studied under sir Godfrey Kneller. Norris, frame-maker and keeper of the pictures to king William and queen Anne, was his first patron, and permitted him to copy what he pleased in the royal collection. At Hampton-court he copied the *Cartoons* in little, and sold them to Dr. George Clarke of Oxford, who became his protector, and furnished him with money to visit Paris and Italy. At the former he lent two of his cartoons to Audran, who engraved them, but died before he could begin the rest. At Rome he applied himself to learn to draw; for, though thirty years old, he said he had begun at the wrong end, and had only studied colouring. The friendship of Pope, and the patronage of other men of genius and rank ‖, extended a reputation built on such flight foundations;

* Jervas, who affected to be a free-thinker, was one day talking very irreverently of the Bible, Dr. Arbuthnot maintained to him that he was not only a speculative but a practical believer. Jervas denied it. Arbuthnot said he would prove it: "You strictly observe the second commandment, said the doctor; for in your pictures you make not the likeness of any thing that is in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth."

† See his Letters to Jervas, and a short copy of verses on a fan designed by himself on the

story of Cephalus and Procris. There is a small edition of the *Eddy on Man*, with a frontispiece likewise of his design.

‡ See Pope's epistle to Jervas with Dryden's translation of Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*.

§ Elizabeth countess of Bridgwater, one of the beautiful daughters of the great duke of Marlborough.

|| Seven letters from Jervas to Pope are printed in the two additional volumes to that poet's works, published by R. Baldwin 1776.

to which not a little contributed, we may suppose, the Tatler, No. VIII. April 18, 1709, who calls him *the last great painter that Italy has sent us.* To this incense a widow worth 20,000*l.* added the solid, and made him her husband. In 1738 he again travelled to Italy for his health, but survived that journey only a short time, dying Nov. 2d, 1739.

He translated and published a new edition of *Don Quixote.* His collection of drawings and Roman fayence, called *Raphael's earthen-ware**, and a fine cabinet of ivory carvings by Fiamingo, were sold, the drawings in April 1741, and the rest after the death of his wife.

It will easily be conceived, by those who know any thing of the state of painting in this country of late years, that this work pretends to no more than specifying the professors of most vogue. Portrait-painting has increased to so exuberant a degree in this age, that it would be difficult even to compute the number of limners that have appeared within the century. Consequently, it is almost as necessary that the representations of men should perish and quit the scene to their successors, as it is that the human race should give place to rising generations. And indeed the mortality is almost as rapid. Portraits that cost twenty, thirty, sixty guineas, and that proudly take possession of the drawing-room, give way in the next generation to those of the new-married couple, descending into the parlour, where they are slightly mentioned as *my father's and mother's pictures.* When they become *my grandfather and grandmother*, they mount to the two pair of stairs; and then, unless dispatched to the mansion-house in the country, or crowded into the house-keeper's room, they perish among the lumber of garrets, or flutter into rags before a broker's shop at the Seven Dials. Such already has been the fate of some of those deathless beauties, who Pope promised his friend should

Bloom in his colours for a thousand years:

and such, I doubt, will be the precipitate catastrophe of the works of many more who babble of Titian and Vandyck, yet only imitate Giordano, whose hasty and rapacious pencil deservedly acquired him the disgraceful title of *Luca fa presto.*

* There is a large and fine collection of this ware at the late Sir Andrew Fountain's at Narford in Norfolk.



Chas' Bretherton f.

JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

JONATHAN RICHARDSON

was undoubtedly one of the best English painters of a head, that had appeared in this country. There is strength, roundness, and boldness in his colouring; but his men want dignity and his women grace. The good sense of the nation is characterised in his portraits. You see he lived in an age when neither enthusiasm nor servility was predominant. Yet with a pencil so firm, possessed of a numerous and excellent collection of drawings, full of the theory, and profound in reflections on his art, he drew nothing well below the head, and was void of imagination. His attitudes, draperies, and back-grounds are totally insipid and unmeaning: so ill did he apply to his own practice the sagacious rules and hints he bestowed on others. Though he wrote with fire and judgment, his paintings owed little to either. No man dived deeper into the inexhaustible stores of Raphael, or was more smitten with the native lustre of Vandyck. Yet though capable of tasting the elevation of the one and the elegance of the other, he could never contrive to see with their eyes when he was to copy nature himself. One wonders that he could comment their works so well, and imitate them so little.

Richardson was born about the year 1665, and against his inclination was placed by his father-in-law * apprentice to a scrivener, with whom he lived six years; when obtaining his freedom by the death of his master, he followed the bent of his disposition, and at twenty years old became the disciple of Riley; with whom he lived four years, whose niece he married, and of whose manner he acquired enough to maintain a solid and lasting reputation, even during the lives of Kneller and Dahl, and to remain at the head of the profession when they went off the stage. He quitted business himself some years before his death; but his temperance and virtue contributed to protract his life to a great length in the full enjoyment of his understanding, and in the felicity of domestic friendship. He had had a paralytic stroke that affected his arm, yet never disabled him from his customary walks and exercise. He had been in St. James's Park, and died suddenly at his house in Queen-Square on his return home, May 28, 1745, when he had passed the eightieth year of his age. He left a son and four daughters; one of whom was married to his disciple Mr. Hudson, and another to Mr. Grifson, an attorney. The taste and learning

* His own father died when he was five years old.

of the son, and the harmony in which he lived with his father, are visible in the joint works they composed. The father in 1719 published two discourses: 1. An essay on the whole art of criticism as it relates to painting; 2. An argument in behalf of the science of a connoisseur*; bound in one volume octavo. In 1722 came forth An account of some of the statues, bas-reliefs, drawings and pictures in Italy, &c. with remarks by Mr. Richardson, sen. and jun. The son made the journey; and from his notes, letters, and observations, they both at his return compiled this valuable work. As the father was a formal man, with a slow but loud and sonorous voice, and, in truth, with some affectation in his manner; and as there is much singularity in his style and expression, those peculiarities, for they were scarce foibles, struck superficial readers, and between the laughers and the envious the book was much ridiculed. Yet both this and the former are full of matter †, good sense and instruction: and the very quaintness of some expressions, and their laboured novelty, show the difficulty the author had to convey mere visible ideas through the medium of language. Those works remind one of Cibber's inimitable treatise on the stage. When an author writes on his own profession, feels it profoundly, and is sensible his readers do not, he is not only excusable, but meritorious, for illuminating the subject by new metaphors or bolder figures than ordinary. He is the coxcomb that sneers, not he that instructs in appropriated diction.

If these authors were censured when conversant within their own circle, it was not to be expected that they would be treated with milder indulgence when they ventured into a sister region. In 1734 they published a very thick octavo, containing explanatory notes and remarks on Milton's *Paradise Lost*, with the life of the author, and a discourse on the poem. Again were the good sense, the judicious criticisms, and the sentiments that broke forth in this work, forgotten in the singularities that distinguish it. The father having said, in apology for being little conversant in classic literature, that he had looked into them through his son; Hogarth, whom a quibble could furnish with wit, drew the father peeping through the nether end of a telescope, with which his son was perforated, at a Virgil aloft on a shelf. Yet how forcibly Richardson entered into the spirit of his author appears from his comprehensive expression,

* He tells us, that being in search of a proper term for this science, Mr. Prior proposed to name it *connoissance*; but that word has not obtained possession as *connoisseur* has.

+ Their criticisms on the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo at Rome are remarkably acute and judicious.

that *Milton was an ancient born two thousand years after his time*. Richardson, however, was as incapable of reaching the sublime or harmonious in poetry as he was in painting, though so capable of illustrating both. Some specimens of verse, that he has given us here and there in his works, excite no curiosity for more*; though he informs us in his *Milton*, that if Painting was his wife, Poetry had been his secret concubine. It is remarkable that another commentator of *Milton* has made the same confession:

— — sunt et mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt
Vatem pastores — —

says Dr. Bentley. Neither the doctor nor the painter adds, *sed non ego credulus illis*, though all their readers are ready to supply it for both.

Besides his pictures and commentaries, we have a few etchings by his hand, particularly two or three of *Milton*, and his own head.

The sale of his collection of drawings, in February 1747, lasted eighteen days, and produced about 2060*l.* his pictures about 700*l.* Hudson, his son-in-law, bought many of the drawings. After the death of the son in 1771, the remains of the father's collection were sold. There were hundreds of portraits of both in chalks by the father, with the dates when executed; for, after his retirement from business, the good old man seems to have amused himself with writing a short poem, and drawing his own or son's portrait every day. The son, equally tender, had marked several with expressions of affection on his *dear father*. There were a few pictures and drawings by the son, for he painted a little too.

— — G R I S O N I

was the son of a painter at Florence, whence Mr. Talman brought him over

* More have been given. In June 1776 was published an octavo volume of poems (and another promised) by Jonathan Richardson senior, with notes by his son. They are chiefly moral and religious meditations: now and then there is a picturesque line or image; but in general the poetry is very careless and indifferent—Yet such a picture of a good mind, serene in conscious innocence, is scarcely to be found. It is im-

possible not to love the author, or not to wish to be as sincerely and intentionally virtuous. The book is perhaps more capable of inspiring emulation of goodness than any professed book of devotion; for the author perpetually describes the peace of his mind from the satisfaction of having never deviated from what he thought right.

in 1715. He painted history, landscape, and sometimes portrait; but his business declining, he sold his pictures by auction in 1728, and returned to his own country with a wife whom he had married here of the name of St. John.

WILLIAM AIKMAN.

Was born in Scotland, and educated under sir John Medina. He came young to London, travelled to Italy, and visited Turkey, and returned through London to Scotland, where he was patronised by John duke of Argyle the general, and many of the nobility. After two or three years he settled in London, and met with no less encouragement—but falling into a long and languishing distemper, his physicians advised him to try his native air; but he died at his house in Leicester-fields, in June 1731, aged fifty. His body, by his own desire, was carried to and interred in Scotland. *Vertue* commends his portrait of *Gay* for the great likeness, and quotes the following lines, addressed to Aikman on one of his performances, by *S. Boyse*:

As Nature blushing and astonish'd eyed
 Young Aikman's draught, surpris'd the goddess cried,
 Where didst thou form, rash youth, the bold design
 To teach thy labours to resemble mine?
 So soft thy colours, yet so just thy stroke,
 That undetermin'd on thy work I look.
 To crown thy art couldst thou but language join,
 The form had spoke, and call'd the conquest thine.

In *Mallet's* works* is an epitaph on Mr. Aikman and his only son (who died before him), and who were both interred in the same grave.

JOHN ALEXANDER,

of the same country with the preceding, was son of a clergyman, and I think descended from their boasted *Jamisone*. He travelled to Italy, and in 1718 etched some plates after *Raphael*. In 1721 was printed a letter to a friend at Edinburgh, describing a stair-case painted at the castle of *Gordon* with the rape of *Proserpine* by this Mr. Alexander.

* Vol. i. p. 13, printed by *Millar*, in 3 vols. small octavo, 1769.



S^r. JAMES THORNHILL.

Ch^ro^m Brothman f.

SIR JAMES THORNHILL,

a man of much note in his time, who succeeded Verrio, and was the rival of Laguerre in the decorations of our palaces and public buildings, was born at Weymouth in Dorsetshire, was knighted by George the first, and was elected to represent his native town in parliament. His chief works were, the dome of St. Paul's, an apartment at Hampton-court, the altar-piece of the chapel of All-Souls at Oxford, another for Weymouth *, of which he made them a present, the hall at Blenheim, the chapel at lord Oxford's at Wimpole in Cambridgeshire, the salon and other things for Mr. Styles at More-park, Hertfordshire, and the great hall at Greenwich hospital. Yet high as his reputation was, and laborious as his works, he was far from being generously rewarded for some of them, and for others he found it difficult to obtain the stipulated prices. His demands were contested at Greenwich ; and though La Fosse received 2000*l.* for his work at Montagu-house, and was allowed 500*l.* for his diet besides, sir James could obtain but 40*s.* a yard square for the cupola of St. Paul's, and I think no more for Greenwich. When the affairs of the South-sea company were made up, Thornhill, who had painted their stair-cafe and a little hall by order of Mr. Knight their cashier, demanded 1500*l.* but the directors learning that he had been paid but 25*s.* a yard for the hall at Blenheim, they would allow no more. He had a longer contest with Mr. Styles, who had agreed to give him 3500*l.*; but not being satisfied with the execution, a law-suit was commenced, and Dahl, Richardson and others were appointed to inspect the work. They appeared in court, bearing testimony to the merit of the performance: Mr. Styles was condemned to pay the money, and by their arbitration 500*l.* more, for decorations about the house, and for Thornhill's acting as surveyor of the building. This suit occasioning enquiries into matters of the like nature, it appeared that 300*l.* a year had been allowed to the surveyor of Blenheim, besides travelling charges: 200*l.* a year to others; and that Gibbs received but 550*l.* for building St. Martin's church.

By the favour of that general Mecænas†, the earl of Halifax, sir James was

* The altar-piece at Weymouth was engraved by a young man, his scholar, whom he set up in that business.

† It was by the influence of the same patron that sir James was employed to paint the prin-

cess's apartment at Hampton-court. The duke of Shrewsbury, lord chamberlain, intended it should be executed by Sebastian Ricci; but the earl, then first commissioner of the treasury, preferring his own countryman, told the duke, that if Ricci painted it he would not pay him.

allowed to copy the Cartoons at Hampton-court, on which he employed three years. He executed a smaller set, of one-fourth part of the dimensions. Having been very accurate in noticing the defects, and the additions by Cooke who repaired them, and in examining the parts turned in to fit them to the places; and having made copious studies of the heads, hands, and feet, he intended to publish an exact account of the whole, for the use of students: but this work has never appeared. In 1724 he opened an academy for drawing at his house in Covent-garden, and had before proposed to lord Halifax to obtain the foundation of a royal academy at the upper end of the Mews, with apartments for the professors, which, by an estimate he had made, would have cost but 3139*l.*; for sir James dabbled in architecture, and stirred up much envy in that profession by announcing a design of taking it up, as he had before by thinking of applying himself to painting portraits.

Afflicted with the gout, and his legs swelling, he set out for his seat at Thornhill near Weymouth*; where four days after his arrival he expired in his chair, May 4, 1734, aged fifty-seven, leaving one son named James, whom he had procured to be appointed serjeant-painter and painter to the navy; and one daughter, married to that original and unequalled genius, Hogarth.

Sir James's collection, among which were a few capital pictures of the great masters, was sold in the following year; and with them his two sets of the Cartoons, the smaller for seventy-five guineas, the larger for only 200*l.*; a price we ought in justice to suppose was owing to the few bidders who had spaces in their houses large enough to receive them. They were purchased by the duke of Bedford, and are in the gallery at Bedford-house in Bloomsbury-square. In the same collection were drawings by one Andrea, a disciple of Thornhill, who died about the same time at Paris.

R O B E R T . B R O W N

was a disciple of Thornhill, and worked under him on the cupola of St. Paul's. Setting up for himself, he was much employed in decorating several

* Sir James was descended of a very ancient family in Dorsetshire, and repurchased the seat of his ancestors, which had been alienated. There he gratefully erected an obelisk to the memory of George I. his protector. See his pedigree, and a farther account of Thornhill, in Hutchins's History of Dorsetshire, vol. i. 410, 413; vol. ii. 185, 246, 451, 452.

churches

churches in the city, being admired for his skill in painting crimson curtains, apostles, and stories out of the New Testament. He painted the altar-piece of St. Andrew Underhaft, and the spaces between the gothic arches in chiaro scuro. In the parish church of St. Botolph, Aldgate, he painted the transfiguration for the altar; in St. Andrew's, Holborn, the figures of St. Andrew and St. John, and two histories on the fides of the organ. In the chapel of St. John at the end of Bedford-row, he painted St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist; and even two signs that were much admired, that for the Paul's head tavern in Cateaton-street, and the Baptist's head at the corner of Aldermanbury. Correggio's sign of the Muleteer is mentioned by all his biographers. Brown, I doubt, was no Correggio.

— BELLUCCI,

an Italian painter of history, arrived here in 1716 from the court of the elector palatine. In 1722 he finished a ceiling at Buckingham-house, for which the duchess paid him 500*l.* He was also employed on the chapel of Canons; that large and costly palace of the duke of Chandos, which, by a fate as transient as its founder's, barely survived him, being pulled down as soon as he was dead; and, as if in mockery of sublunary grandeur, the site and materials were purchased by Hallet the cabinet-maker. Though Pope was too grateful to mean a satire on Canons, while he recorded all its ostentatious want of taste, and too sincere to have denied it if he had meant it, he might without blame have moralized on the event, in an epistle purely ethic, had he lived to behold its fall and change of masters.

Bellucci executed some other works which Vertue does not specify; but, being afflicted with the gout, quitted this country, leaving a nephew, who went to Ireland, and made a fortune by painting portraits there.

BALTHAZAR DENNER,

of Hamburg, one of those laborious artists whose works surprise rather than please, and who could not be so excellent if they had not more patience than genius, came hither upon encouragement from the king, who had seen of his works at Hanover and promised to sit to him: but Denner succeeding ill in the pictures of two of the favourite German ladies, he lost the footing he had